



# OMEN

CHOPPED PORK  
AND HAM

MADE WITH PRIME CUTS OF BRITISH PORK



# The Omen

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March 6, 1996

## \*\*\* EDITORS \*\*\*

Jonathan Land.....Managing Editor  
Ben Sanders.....Production Editor  
Stephanie Cole.....News Editor  
Scott Matz.....Graphics Editor  
Emily Belz.....Graphics Editor  
Josh Brassard.....Section Hate Editor  
Amber Cortes.....Music Editor

## \*\*\*STAFF\*\*\*

Lauren Ryder.....Typing Abuse  
Some Chick in Dakin.....Printer Abuse  
Gillian Andrews.....Proofreading Abuse  
Casey Nordell.....Smoker

## \*\*CONTRIBUTORS\*\*

Neil Golden  
Justin Kraft  
Kelly Taylor (Live from Ireland)

## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

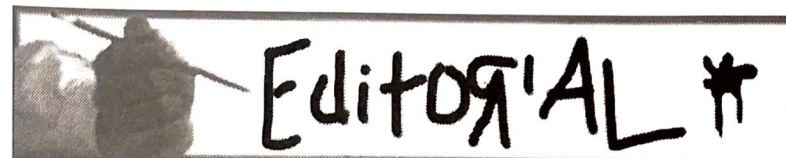
**“Why have a snack when you can have a meal?”**

**-Fat Boys**

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## More on Meat

**Big Trail's Best**  
(Teriyaki Steak Beef Stick - Smoke Flavor Added):

Purchased at: Dairy Mart on Route 116.

Color: Shit Brown.

Ingredients: Beef, Brown Sugar, Salt, Natural Hickory Smoke Flavor, Monosodium Glutamate, Dehydrated Pineapple Juice Powder [Pineapple Juice Solids, Malto Dextrin,

Pineapple Concentrate (Pineapple Juice Concentrate, Sugar, Citric Acid, Alcohol, Natural Flavors)], Soy Sauce Solids, Sodium Nitrate.

Company: Trail's Best.

Man, this tastes like plastic. When I first read the ingredients, I thought to myself, “hey, there’s a lot of pineapple stuff in here, this must be pretty tasty”. Wrong. I’ve never seen so many ingredients go into something so bland (except the alleged four cheese pasta at SAGA). Oh, gross, I just bit into a huge chunk of fat... I don’t want to go there. I’m actually going to stop eating this one now. Don’t buy it, it’s vile.

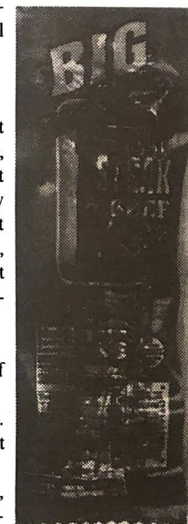
**All Snax** (Hickory Kipper Beef Stick):

Purchased at: Dairy Mart on Route 116.

Color: Slightly Lighter Than Shit Brown.

Ingredients: Beef, Salt, Sugar, Spices, Monosodium Glutamate, Garlic Powder, So-

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## He's Rich... Vote for Him

Well, it took long enough, but this week, it's going to happen; I'm registering Republican. For those of you who don't know me, and for those of you who find The Omen so muddled with irony that you think I'm being "cute," the foregoing sentence was written in dead earnest. I'm registering Republican, so I can vote for Forbes in next Thursday's New York State primary. The function of this article, however, is not to divulge my dangerous political beliefs to bong-wielding, head-bludgeoning Hampshire students, but rather, to add some political rhetoric to this campus, tied as it is to a Democrat incumbent and therefore engaged only in watchful waiting while the GOP machine roars into high gear around it.

You see, painful as it was to witness droves of Clinton and Brown supporters rally into Slick Willy and Moonbeam camps in the Fall of '92, I miss the occasional opportunity for political debate the Democratic primaries created at Hampshire. People were up in arms to boot out Bush, and were at least marginally interested in the white man they'd pick to do it. Therefore, I only had to flick on C-Span to engage

someone in an interesting conversation. Nowadays, I crank up the TV and only get the pleasure of watching my fellow students cringe when the news from the Big Tent club comes on. Boring.

For those of you who aren't familiar with the Forbes' platform, I will give you a brief summary:

**Abortion:** "I believe that type of question is between a woman, her doctor, and if it's an option, her God." Well, folks, sounds piously pro-choice to me. Frankly, since you can't Flat Tax the unborn, I doubt he gives much of a suction about them. He's content to tow the Roe v. Wade line for the nonce. That's all I ask (even if it is a shaky opinion).

**The Economy:** Well, duh. 17% for you, me, Aunt Martha, and her little dog, too. We can debate the intricacies of this sort of generality, but for me, it's a nice little stepping stone to eliminating Income Tax at all. You got it—I will soon be a Libertarian in Republican clothing.

**Foreign Relations:** As last Friday's *New York Times* put it, the man has a paper trail regarding these issues that's 22 years old. He predicted that Saddam

Hussein would be a problematic little bugger 2 years before the Gulf Fracas. Along with this, he has reams of snide comments regarding national politics that will no doubt come back to haunt him like a textual Banquo. You pay a price for shooting your pen off in public and subsequently attempting a political career. However, the role of the President is not the place for a Clinton/Dole shilly-shallying robot, so if he can maintain his forceful opinions, he'll be a nice Trumanesque addition to the Presidential payroll.

**Foreign Trade:** A soothing departure from Buchanan-esque isolationism. How can our country be #1 when we're playing Quaker meeting with the rest of the world?

Granted, the man could turn a question regarding state-of-emergency flood funding into a commercial for his oblate taxation policies, but I pretty much feel that the Federal Government has three duties: tax me, deliver my mail, and declare war. If Forbes has seemed like a single-issue candidate up to this point, it's because he mostly is— but at least it's the right issue. The distracting dilemma about abor-

*Continued on next page*

## The Least of Several Evils

*Continued from previous page*  
tion, which threatens to cause a very interesting revised version of the Civil War, is the least of our worries in this country (I know, I know, just wait 'til I get knocked up.) Were Forbes to occupy the Oval Office, and to let the abortion issue hang at *stare decisis*, we'd have a grinning millionaire for President who would probably glance up from his Flat Tax agenda, very occasionally, to say things like: "Hmm, they shot down our planes, huh? Were they violating Cuban airspace? Uh-huh... well, sucks to fly a Cessna." Or, alternatively, "Hmm, they shot down our planes, huh? What does (person qualified to deal with the situation) think about it? Uh-huh...okay, blast the bejeezus out of them...and tell me what Newt is doing in the House to get my Tax reforms through."

As I pointed out to my father earlier this week, when we were discussing Citizen Forbes, the Presidency will march on, even if we don't have a Rhodes scholar/ former General/ walking cadaver of a former Senator in the office. So he seems like a single-issue candidate. At least he won't kill us with Health care, kow-tow to his wife, or let God take care of the nation.

Speaking of my Dad, who is a staunch, party-line, mid-fifties kind of Republican, let me share with you some more scraps of the conversation I had with

him this week. After all, most of the campus isn't really keyed in to the way Everyman American is thinking these days.

Cole the Younger: "So, Dad, I think I'm voting for Forbes."

Cole the Elder: "Oh, c'mon, he's single-issue. Don't waste your vote like you did last time with that Perot character."

Cole the Younger: "Yeah...well, anyway, if not Forbes—who's getting your vote? Buchanan? Dole?"

Cole the Elder: "Not Buchanan. He's a little too extreme for me. Dole is the most qualified, I guess...."

Now, I'm not saying that my Dad is an exact demographic for how your average American working Joe is going to vote. But I take his reluctance as a good sign that the country isn't ready for another Ronald Reagan. God knows I'm not (okay, I admit it,

*Continued on next page*

## I Can't Believe I Ate It

*Continued from page 3*  
dium Nitrate.

Company: All Snax, Inc.

Mmm... that's better. I got my \$1.09 worth this time out. It's tender, but not mushy. Bland, with a latent spice. It's very relaxing, which I'm assuming is a rare term for describing a beef stick. I don't know what else to say. I'd recommend it for casual meat-eating.

**Wild Bill's World Famous Beef Jerky Tender Tips** (Hickory Smoked):

Purchased at: Dairy Mart on Route 116.

Color: Deep Dark Shit Brown.

Ingredients: Beef, Soy Sauce (Water, Protein Extract from Soybeans, Salt, Corn Syrup

& Caramel Color & Potassium Sorbate), Garlic, Pepper, and Red Pepper.

Company: Wild Bill's Foods, Inc.

Wow, this is mighty flavorful stuff. A little bit too soy saucy though. It's one of the most zesty jerkies I've ever had. I don't know what, but for some reason, that sentence seemed to have sexual connotations. It might just be the rather salty soy sauce talking. Good jerky consistency. Bad, overbearing salty soy sauce flavor and alliteration. Must. stop... eating... tongue... burning... mouth... shutting...

**Jonathan Land**  
**Paralyzed From The**  
**Face Up**  
**The Omen**



## Police Log!!!

### Alcohol Abuse:

*Thursday February 29,*  
1996: 22:25 CFS 96-625  
Dakin. Report written.

### Disturbance:

*Monday February 26,*  
1996: 12:29 CFS 96-573  
Prescott. Complaint about fireworks.

*Thursday February 29,*  
1996: 00:16 CFS 96-606  
Merrill. House staff contacted re. hall problem.  
23:45 CFS 96-627 Merrill.  
Complaint re. A-4.

*Friday March 1, 1996:*  
00:52 CFS 96-629 Greenwich.  
Noise complaint re. 22, music turned down.  
23:15 CFS 96-641 Enfield.  
Unfounded.

*Sunday March 3, 1996:*  
14:55 CFS 96-664 Merrill.

### Fire:

*Friday March 1, 1996:*  
01:08 CFS 96-630 Field by  
Windmill. Visitors had lit small  
campfire, extinguished.

### Fire Alarm:

*Tuesday February 27,*  
1996: 14:14 CFS 96-583  
Prescott. Detector malfunction  
in 89.

*Saturday March 2,*  
1996: 22:20 CFS 96-654  
Prescott. Cigarette smoke in 85.

### Fire Hazard:

*Monday February 26,*  
1996: 22:13 CFS 96-580  
Merrill. Stove problem.

### Larceny:

*Monday February 26,*  
1996: 10:50 CFS 96-572  
Enfield Hamper. VCR reported  
stolen.

### Miscellaneous:

*Monday February 26,*  
1996: 07:30 CFS 96-569  
Prescott. Prescott 93-102  
evacuated - bomb threat.

*Tuesday February 27,*  
1996: 09:40 CFS 96-581  
Merrill. Spoke to individual  
about telephone message.

### Motor Vehicle Tow:

*Friday March 1, 1996:*  
22:54 CFS 96-640 Enfield.  
Vehicle towed from fire lane.

*Saturday March 2,*  
1996: 00:59 CFS 96-644  
Prescott. Vehicle towed from  
gate area.

### Motor Vehicle Accident:

*Sunday March 3, 1996:*  
01:04 CFS 96-657 Route 116  
Provided assistance at accident  
scene. 19:55 CFS 96-669 Back  
Gate Area Minor accident  
reported.

### Personal Illness:

*Monday February 26,*  
1996: 20:04 CFS 96-579  
Dakin. Student not feeling well.

*Thursday February 29,*  
1996: 22:20 CFS 96-624  
Dakin. Student not feeling well.

### Personal Injury:

*Tuesday February 27,*  
1996: 18:05 CFS 96-489 RCC.  
Ankle injury.

*Friday March 1, 1996:*  
00:01 CFS 96-628 Dining  
Commons. Individual with  
injury to hand.

### Safety Hazard:

*Thursday February 29,*  
1996: 10:20 CFS 96-610 Cole  
Science. Smell of gas on first  
floor - Physical Plant notified.  
*Saturday March 2,*

1996: 02:37 CFS 96-647 Back  
Access Road. Road closed  
because of heaving pavement.

### Special Services:

*Thursday February 29,*  
1996: 15:10 CFS 96-615 Four  
Corners. Physical Plant re-  
quested to aid with flat tire.

### Suspicious Person:

*Tuesday February 27,*  
1996: 23:23 CFS 96-590  
Applewood. Officers checked  
area, nothing found.

### Traffic:

*Sunday March 3, 1996:*  
22:40 CFS 96-674 Main Road.  
Wrecker called for car off of  
road.

### Unwanted Person:

*Sunday March 3, 1996:*

## Mo' Forbes

*Continued from previous page.*

Forbes *did* have ties to Reagan, and he's flaunting them for the sake of the election, but you know, we all have battle scars we flaunt for the sake of popularity.)

So, there you go. If anyone's interested in chatting about the rest of the GOP buffet, I'm vaguely qualified. Alexander's looking okay but he's a wimp, Buchanan and Dole— 'nuff said. Long live the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

America! Like it or lump it, folks.

Stephanie Cole

## SECTION HATE

## Mmm... Hits from the Bomb

Section Hate - 03 March,  
1996

I am a hypocrite.

I have no misconceptions. I am a big, stinking hypocrite, and I'll be the first one to admit it.

I am about to seemingly contradict everything I've been harping on for a semester and more. If you're a consistent reader of The Omen, you know how fervently I have defended First Amendment rights, how venomously I have denounced those that would curb the freedom of speech. My article this week focuses on one person's words— words, again— the effect they had on other people, and the heaping pile of trouble in which this person currently finds himself.

I am not going to defend this person. Moreover, I think he deserves to be in trouble. *For his words.*

Aargh. Let me start from the beginning. After all, somebody once said it's a very good place to start.

Most of you will, no doubt, have heard of the bomb threat scare in Prescott on Monday, 26 February. If you haven't, then you obviously haven't

checked your mailbox any time recently, for the Dean of Students office sent out a memo regarding the incident, explaining, in vague detail, what had happened. For those of you who get depressed by checking your mail and do it only once every two months or so, I'll give the official breakdown (filtered through my own bias, of course): On the Monday in question, there was an ominous message discovered on the voice mail system for the Prescott House Office, declaring that there was a bomb in a certain stairwell in Prescott that was set to go off some time Monday morning. Prescott House staff reacted quickly, calling in Public Safety, who in turn called in the Amherst Fire and Police Departments and evacuated the relevant mods (in the official Dean of Students' office release, the relevant mods remained unspecified). It was quickly discovered that there was, indeed, no bomb— the message on Prescott's voice mail was an empty threat.

Or, perhaps, not even a threat at all, but an immensely stupid and thoughtless joke. According to the Dean of Student's office, it was quickly discovered that the message was left by a Hampshire student; moreover,

there was no malicious intent on the part of the student. However, bomb threats are a criminal offense, and the student (carefully unnamed by the memo) was swiftly arrested and brought up on criminal charges. Not only that, but the College itself is taking disciplinary action against him. The student has been booted from campus for at least two weeks— and prohibited from use of any College resources, including access to equipment and faculty— until his case can be heard by the Community Review Board. The student faces possible expulsion, and is at least looking at a year's suspension.

All of the above can be gleaned from the public record. But what about the private record? What about the stuff the Dean's office didn't reveal (like the student's name, which I am not going to print, out of respect for the accused and an honest fear of being libelous), the stuff that you find out by talking to people who know the accused? Well, to humanize the story a little (and keeping in mind that a lot of this is conjecture): the student in question, when making his phone call, got the Prescott House Office by mistake. It being a week-

*Continued on next page*



## Real Funny Joke...

*Continued from previous page*

end, he obviously got the voice mail system. On the spur of the moment, completely unplanned, this student—exhibiting a remarkable lack of judgment—decided to leave a bomb threat on voice mail, feeling confident that the House staff, whom he knew fairly well, would recognize his voice and know that the bomb threat was a joke. Needless to say, Prescott House staff did *not* recognize his voice, and took the bomb threat seriously, and responded to the threat properly. The student, upon realizing that his impromptu prank had been taken seriously, *owned up* to it. This student is a second-semester Division III student, only two months from graduating and getting the hell out of this place—perhaps he figured that doing the honorable thing and admitting his mistake wouldn't land him knee deep in the hoopla, because they wouldn't *really* kick him out of school so close to completion. Perhaps the student was genuinely sorry for all the panic and trouble he inadvertently caused. Perhaps he just didn't think. I tend to believe that it was all of these things mixed together.

To get back to my original point: this student's words have gotten him into more trouble than you can shake a stick at. Criminal charges are bad enough, but to face expulsion when you're so close—*so close*—to getting your diploma must be unbearably tough. And, hell,

this person has to face the bumbling Community Review Board—I wouldn't wish that fate on anyone. Except maybe... no, no, can't print that. At any rate, one would expect—I would expect—that I would run to the immediate defense of the accused, especially with the CRB looming in the near distance. But, for some reason, I can't bring myself to defend this person in terms of freedom of speech. Like I said, I'm a hypocrite.

You see, I really think that the College's response to the whole bomb threat incident is completely within the bounds of reason. When I first heard about this—after the bomb threat had come and gone, when the shit really came down and they kicked the student off the campus—I took an extremely hard-line view. "Expel the bastard," I said (paraphrasing, of course). "He's getting what he deserves." The argument that there was no malicious intent behind the bomb threat—that it was, indeed, just a thoughtless, moronic joke—had no sway with me. The fact that the student had admitted his guilt could not change my mind. Even the fact that he was second-semester Division III who had turned his life around while at Hampshire and would not be able to finish his schooling—here or anywhere else—held no weight in my mind. A bomb threat is a bomb threat, no matter what, and the fact that he just didn't think was no excuse for me.

I have since softened my position somewhat. I think outright expulsion may be a little extreme, although within the purview of Hampshire's legal authority. Suspension for a year is a just punishment, I believe, even though, were the student to return, he would not be able to receive financial aid and this student is among the dwindling number of Hampshire students for whom financial aid is not only a benefit but a necessity. But Hampshire has to do something that makes it clear that bomb threats are completely unacceptable, and should anyone be stupid enough to try, they will be dealt with in a strict manner. I have had many an argument over the past couple of days with various people that the College could make the accused do lots of community service and/or kick him off campus while retaining his active student status, limiting his contacts to necessary faculty and staff. That is, frankly, not a strong enough punishment. Some people I have talked to tell me that expulsion or suspension would be against Hampshire's philosophy; to that I say, "Bullshit." Hampshire's philosophy just doesn't fly when it comes to discipline, as the laughing-stock that is the CRB proves only too well. And then there are those who argue, "Well, sex offenders don't get expelled or suspended with any regularity; why should this person get expelled

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## ...If You Live in Dakin

*Continued from previous page*

or suspended for a joke gone horribly awry?" Well, there's a point there—Hampshire has to get just a bit more consistent with its disciplinary actions, especially in the context of sexual offenses. But that's an article in and of itself.

Basically, I guess what I'm saying is this: even though this bomb threat was an act of stupidity trying to be humor, it has no free speech protection. Even as a joke, a bomb threat holds an implication of threat, regardless of whether there was malicious intent or not. I can hear the cries of "Hypocrite!" from here, almost a full week removed, and you're right, I am a bit of a hypocrite, but I'm going to try to defend myself. "What about the secondary chalkers?!" I hear you cry. "What about the implicit threat behind *those*?" Hogwash. You'd have to include the original chalkings as well if you wanted to do that, and besides, I don't think that would fly, much as the CRB would like it

to. At no point in the secondary chalkings was there anything that even implied, "We are going to come and rape/sodomize/sexually assault you," whereas in the bomb threat, it was implicitly stated that a bomb would go off in Prescott some time on the morning of Monday, 26 February. Tasteless satire that offends your sensibilities is one thing; a bomb threat—even as a tasteless joke—is, as they say, a horse of a different color.

I sincerely feel sorry for the student in question, but he blundered into this particular pit of vipers and must pay the consequences. I know a lot of people I've talked to would like the College to make a special case for this student, but we must realize that that is exactly what the College *cannot* do. It must send a message that this sort of thing is intolerable or else leave itself wide open to more pranks which cost the College—not to mention the Town of Amherst—time and money, and cause needless panic. It sucks that this student

must be the bearer of this message, but that's how it goes a lot of the time.

Who knows? Maybe the College will prove me wrong. I hope so, but I sincerely doubt they will. Still, stranger things have happened. Pat Buchanan won the New Hampshire primaries. Steve Forbes won Arizona. Now *that's* strange.

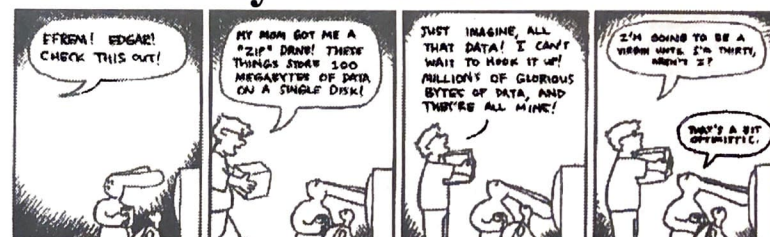
And that'll do it for this week's long-winded Section Hate diatribe. You got questions? comments? suggestions? hate mail? Send 'em my way, you mealy tapeworm: box 21 (via our lovely post office) or jobF92@hamp.hampshire.edu (via our lovely internet provider). Or, hell, write for The Omen. Only then will you be able to see the violence inherent in the system.

So, till next we meet in this coat closet of the insane, remember, kiddies: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Hypocritical thppth.

**Josh Brassard**  
Section Hate Editor

## Milkweed by Neil Golden





## Pave The World!

Parking. I hate parking at any of the five colleges. Last Thursday, I started at Amherst College, where I parked behind the Mudd building because I was unloading some stuff from my car. I closed the back door of my car so that nobody would walk off with any of my shit, and came back about five minutes later to find a parking ticket. "Parking in a loading zone" I was loading, asshole.

Next stop: UMASS. I was going to talk to a professor in the graduate research tower, so I parked on the street right by it. I put money in the meter, and went inside. I came out only to realize that a ticket had been placed on my car for parking in a permit-only zone without a permit. I looked and sure enough, about a block away was the sign marking it as a permit zone. Why, then, did they make the conscious decision to put meters there???

Then, I went on to Mt. Holyoke for my evening observing session, (since, God forbid that any of the other colleges, especially Hampshire, should have, or let me have access to a telescope!), when I parked in a faculty lot. In the Mt. Holyoke parking manual, it says that five college students are required to park in the equestrian center. I don't know how much you know about Mt. Holyoke, but the equestrian center is at least a mile away from the observatory. I told them that I would only be there after five o'clock, and it's not like

they were going to have an all-faculty meeting in the observatory at 6:30! The parking director, (yes, that is actually a person there) told me that I could park in the faculty lot and that she would make sure that I didn't get a ticket, but if I did to bring it in and get it voided. OK. So now, after every night up there (twice a week at least), I have to waste more gas going back during business hours to void the tickets. Needless to say, I got

another one on Thursday night.

OK, now it's back to Camp Hamp. I finally pulled in around 12:30 or so at night, after having been awake since about 6:00 in the morning. I was tired, and cold, and had a headache, and most of all, pissed. I was told upon my arrival that due to the concert in SAGA, visitors had filled the Dakin/Merrill parking lot. I went berserk. Instead of telling

you what happened, here's a transcript of what I said:

"What!? You mean that I pay thirty fucking thousand dollars a year to come to this fucking school and I can't even fucking park somewhere near the fucking building that my fucking room is in!!!!? (Point to myself) PAYING STUDENT (Point to SAGA) NON-PAYING NON-STUDENTS, or, if you prefer, VISITORS! I know that this lot is for students and visitors, but there is not enough space for fucking STUDENTS, much less

VISITORS, and since the

students live here, I think we should at LEAST have priority on fucking parking!"

At this point, sensing the imminent possibility that the officer would pull a gun and tell me to get down on the ground, I said:

"Look, it's not you, it's not them (gesturing to the nice students who had first informed me of the lot being full), it's just that I CANNOT SEEM TO FUCKING PARK A GOD DAMN CAR IN THIS FUCKING STATE!"

"Look, friend, do you know where the FPH lot is? You can park there."

"OK. Fine."

I went to FPH, and there were no spots there, so I cruised on over to the Arts Village parking. Still no spots. I had to park out by the Multisport facility.

This situation raises several issues. First, why is it that we are so permissive when it comes to parking unless you are a student here? Amherst students can park anywhere they please here, but Hampshire Students are only allowed to park by Phys Plant or the Rink when at Amherst. (Don't even get me started about UMASS, where there is actually a two year waiting list to get a parking place at Orchard Hill). Second, why are there not enough spaces to fill the needs of the students? Is there any plan of expanding the parking lot? If not, there should be. Last, why don't I just start tak-

*Continued on next page.*

## Live From Ireland...

Dia dhuit, Hampshire! (roughly translated that means hello. Literally translated it means "God be with you.") Let's talk about how exciting it is to be in a Catholic country, where everyone drives on the wrong side of the road and the legal drinking age is being able to see over the bar. OK, so it's not all bad. But trying to cross the street after reveling in that legal drinking age can be tricky.

Seriously though. One might be tempted to think that just because English is spoken, the cultures are gonna be pretty damn similar. Oh, how mistaken one would be. Socially Ireland hasn't really hit the 60's yet. They're just getting around to accepting the concept that women might be humans too. More relevant to this country, I heard someone say "Vatican II hasn't happened yet over here." Still, there is the awareness that something is going on outside this beautiful cozy little bastion of family values and bomb scares. In addition to MTV gaining popularity, divorce was made legal last month, and I've seen some nose rings and blue hair. In a school of 10,000 young people in one of the three largest cities in the country, I am still constantly surprised at the rampant conservatism on campus. Campus being the University College Cork (don't ask why it has two names—they all do. UC Galway, UC Limerick (cheers to Hans)...no one can say why)

which is on the southern coast of Ireland. It's right in the city, and there's no campus housing, which is weird right after three years of tiny rural Hampshire.

Maybe because of the off-campus housing or the drinking age (which is technically 18, but there are some over-21 pubs), or the "old-fashioned" values & morals, the social atmosphere is very different. Girls tend to hang out with crowds of other girls, guys with other guys, and their only real interaction is to score with each other. No, I don't mean have sex. No one has sex, unless they've been going out for ages or are married. I found out soon enough that "score" and "shift" both mean kissing sessions. Even the common term "one night stand" means a kissing session, possibly even heavy petting, but not sex. This makes pub and club scenes a little bizarre.

Pubs are not bars. Let's get that straight right now. Pubs are for hanging out with groups of friends (usually where the mono-gendered groups interact) and getting pissed (drunk) before moving on to the club. Clubs in Ireland are exactly like any other club in the States, except they don't card you or give you spiffy day-glo orange bracelets. In other words, a meat market. Now, in a town with a major University and several smaller art & technical schools, you'd think there would be either bigger clubs or more clubs than in, say...

Northampton. EENT. No—sorry! A handful of places about the size of sledgehammers (for anyone who's ever been to Victor) is about all you get.

In general I'd say things are pretty laid back over here. Even a country full of Catholics isn't as uptight as the Bible Belt in the US of A. People are nice to you in stores (even if you're just looking), the pubs are comfy places with wood furniture and fireplaces where you chill out & socialize with your mates, people don't have a problem walking up to you & saying "Hey, I'd like to score with your friend there," & the only time people ever get really upset is when they're pissed drunk out of their heads. Also I've found that just because you're one has blue hair and reeks of patchouli, it doesn't mean they're a hippie, or even liberal in the slightest.

*Continued on next page*

## More Parking

*Continued from previous page.*  
ing the bus again?

Well, the first two issues are up to the powers that be, and the last, well, is none of your damn business. I need to go get gas, so that I can deliver more pizzas. Be nice to Cantone's. They're nice to us.

Justin A. Kraft

# More Police Log!!!

*Continued from page 6.*

11:19 CFS 96-662 Dining  
Commons. Individual spoken  
to, no problem.

## **Weapons:**

*Monday February 26,*  
1996: 08:18 CFS 96-570  
Prescott

Large knife removed.

There were also 16 ad-  
mits, 30 transports or medical  
transports, and 7 maintenance  
matters that weren't itemized for  
space considerations.

**Once again, thank you  
to Derrick Elmes for providing  
The Omen with this informa-  
tion.**

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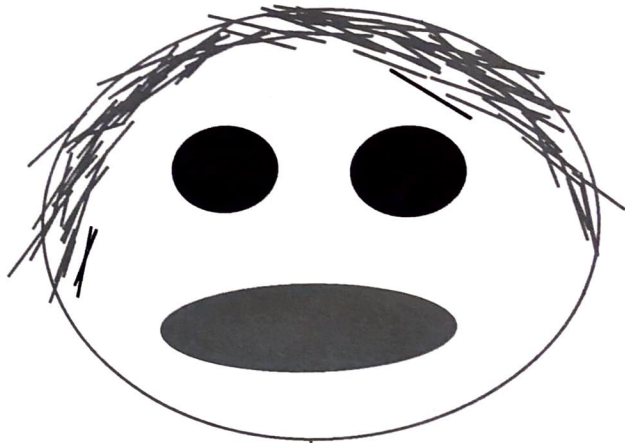
## Mo' Ireland

*Continued from previous page*

That's all for now...I've  
just come back from running  
about in the woods with a  
paintball rifle for the past 6 hours  
along with some folks from the  
Scout & Guide club, and am a bit  
scattered. Next week: what this  
Sinn Fein/ IRA business means  
to the regular folks & what my  
friends think about it, and there-  
fore what you should think about  
it (just

kidding.) Till then, Sla'n  
awhaile & to'g bo'g e'. ("Safe  
home & take it easy.")

**Kelly Taylor**



*Nude Descending A Staircase*  
Jonathan Land,  
1996

